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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle.*



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. I. No. 9.

JUNE, 1894.

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The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

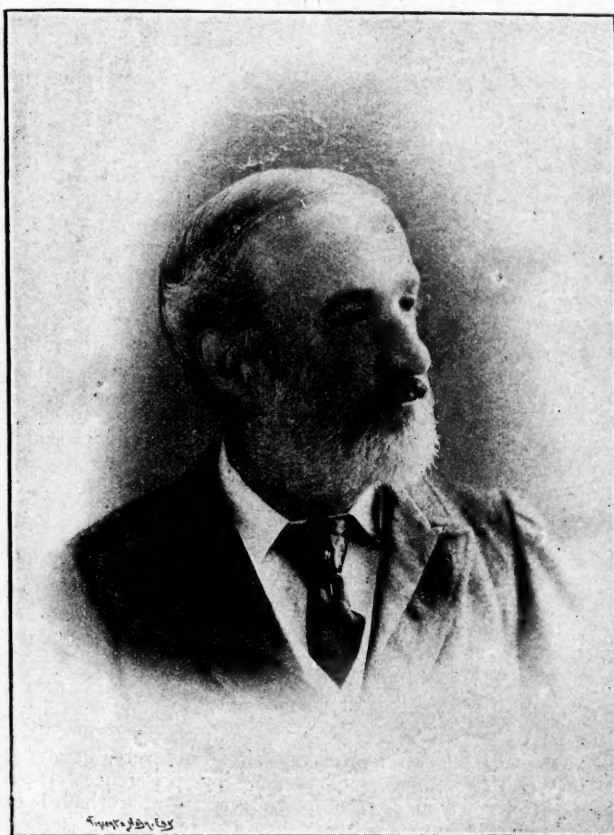
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

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JUNE, 1894.

Price, One Penny.
By Post, 1d.



MR. ALFRED BURNETT.

From a Photo by Wayland & Co., Blackheath and Streatham.

MR. ALFRED BURNETT.

A CHIEF amongst our "first violins" stands Mr. Alfred Burnett—the subject of our present sketch.

When we called to see him Mr. Burnett was dining, having only just returned from the Royal Holloway College, where he is a teacher of the violin. However, Mrs. Burnett and her family entertained us very agreeably while we waited, and we had a little chat with Mr. Prosper Burnett upon the question of "Music at Blackheath."

We were almost sorry when Mr. Burnett was ready to see us, so comfortably were we ensconced, but we quickly found ourselves happy again in Mr. Burnett's "den." All around were signs of his art. Rows upon rows of music scores, a violin case or two, pieces of resin, blank music sheets, etc., showed, even to the unknowing, the profession which Mr. Burnett follows.

"Where was I born? In London, on January 3rd, 1839, and I have lived in the suburbs of the mighty city ever since. I have been in Blackheath 18 years, but I have travelled a good deal in Russia, France, Norway, Belgium and Switzerland. I went to Norway once for a holiday with Ebenezer Prout; it was very jolly, but the food was something *awful*, and the passage back was terrible. I used to reply 'yes' when asked if I was a good sailor, but now —," and Mr. Burnett laughed heartily at the recollection of his bad dinners, and his donations to Neptune. Mr. Burnett's laugh is very genial and infectious, and it does one good to hear him.

We gathered that he has not inherited his musical capabilities, the only relation he can trace at all that way inclined being his grandfather's brother who occasionally acted as deputy-organist at Rochester Cathedral.

"Did you early show a love for the art?" we asked.

"Why, how strange you should have asked me that to-day," he replied. "As you know, I have just returned from Egham, and coming home, passing Englefield Green, I thought of an incident that happened when I was a youngster of four, and not out of petticoats. It is my earliest musical recollection, and the first occasion on which I heard a violin. There was a village band on the green, and the leading violin was playing a solo, at which I stood entranced. My nurse, Hester Wellbelove—a strange name, is it not?—and my two brothers were evidently in a hurry, for Hester called me to come on at once, and, how well do I remember it! I immediately thumped her;" and Mr. Burnett and ourselves had another good laugh, but not at his own expense this time.

Mr. Burnett first learned to handle the bow under Sainton, with whom he studied eight years. He also had a few lessons from Wieniawski, and from Charles Lucas, formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

He entered the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera as 1st violin under Sir Michael Costa, in 1860, and continued there throughout his palmiest days, for a period of 23 years.

He was one of the 1st violins at the celebrated Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts for 20 years, and has played at all the leading concerts, including the ever-welcome Monday "Pops."

Mr. Burnett was appointed leader and assistant-conductor at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts in 1874, a post which he held for eight years.

Appointments now crowded in on him, and on the retirement of Prosper Sainton, the leaderships of the Birmingham Festival and the Bach Choir were offered and accepted. He holds a similar position with regard to the Cambridge University Musical Society Concerts, the Oxford ditto, Cardiff and Worcester Festivals.

He has been a professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music since 1881, and the Royal College of Music since 1890.

In 1878 he was elected Honorary Member of the Cambridge University Musical Society, and when we mention that the members, all told, number seven, including Brahms, Joachim, and Stanford, it will be seen that Mr. Burnett may be ranked with the finest violinists and composers of the day.

Mr. Burnett has played under nearly all the great conductors, amongst others, Costa, Arditi, Vianesi, Ferdinand Hiller, Rubinstein, Manns, and Alfred Mellon.

"One other conductor: Gounod."

"He was splendid; I have only, however, seen him conduct his own works. As a composer I admire him very highly, but for present-day men, my preference is given to Brahms. I can't stand—what shall I call it?—the ordinary rhapsody, but Brahms is always unstrained and in good form.

We then had a good long chat on the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Max Bruch Concertos, all of which Mr. Burnett enthusiastically admires.

Then the question of Wagner was started. Mr. Burnett did not definitely give his opinion of his actual music at first, but we learnt that he has been to Bayreuth and heard "Parsifal," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Meistersinger" there.

"I was never more delighted with an entertainment in my life. It was not the music alone, it was

the music combined with the scenery, the actors, the plot, the *tout ensemble*; 'superb' is the word for it. But when you hear a solo in a concert-room—well, it isn't *bad*. I love the overtures; the 'Tannhäuser,' for example, is delightful."

Mr. Burnett never composes *at* the piano, as he thinks this does away with any originality, but, of course, when the musical germs are transferred to paper, they are tried over and corrected at the keyboard.

Amongst his compositions are the following:—for Violin, "Romance" (Stanley Lucas); for Strings, "La Mandolin" (Blockley); four Violins and Piano, "Andante and Rondino" (Music Pub. Co.); for Orchestra, Intermezzo, from Cantata "Hagobert" (Music Pub. Co.)

There is a little history connected with "Hagobert." It was commenced some years ago (by the bye, the words, by F. Wyville Holmes, are very beautiful), and the work was well advanced. C. Harford Lloyd happened to enquire as to the number of characters. "Five," was the reply. "Well, we won't do it at Oxford," said Dr. Lloyd.

The above-mentioned Intermezzo, is, however, very beautiful, and if the rest of "Hagobert" is as perfect, it would be a distinct gain to musical societies when published.

Mr. Burnett related many humorous anecdotes of his professional career. He showed us a portfolio of caricatures of Weist Hill, Sullivan, Lloyd, and a host of others, that a friend of his had sketched during performances at concerts, which amused us exceedingly. He also showed us a post-card from Ebenezer Prout, received on the day that post-cards were first issued in England, viz., October 1st, 1870.

But the striking of the clock reminded us that

we must bring our visit to a close. Mr. Burnett's genial reception gave us a pleasant evening, and we departed, glad to have had the opportunity of a friendly talk with a musician who has had so much experience in our best English orchestras.

The great charm of Mr. Burnett as a man is his enthusiasm, and this possibly has had a good deal to do with his success in the musical world. He does not try to conduct so that an oratorio or symphony may simply go well and please the public. His aim is perfection; he spares no pains to obtain it, and this earnestness kindles a similar desire in each member of the orchestra, who in turn are affected by his own enthusiasm.

In a book of press notices of Mr. Burnett's performances, we came across the following which immediately struck us. Whether it is true to life or not, we must leave his admirers to decide: "We really do not know how to write about this estimable *virtuoso* in terms that shall convey our opinion and yet not seem fulsome. Mr. Burnett leading a quartet is a poem. He is as young now, though iron-grey has replaced the hyacinthine locks which we so well remember as he was—how many years ago shall we say? His bow is like the sword of a victorious hero; anon he slashes the notes down till you tremble, anon he is caressing his fiddle and fondling it and making it sing as the Peri sang when she sat disconsolate outside the gates of heaven."

Mr. Burnett's favorite violin is one by Carlo Bergonzi, an instrument formerly in Mr. Adam's well-known collection.

A Quartet for one Violin, sounds somewhat extraordinary. But Mr. Burnett, however, possesses one in Paganini's own handwriting, as well as some quintets—genuine Paganini manuscripts.



"ART is the path of the creator to his work. The paths or methods are ideal and eternal, though few men ever see them—not the artist himself for years, or for a lifetime, unless he come into the conditions. The painter, the sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the orator—all partake one desire—namely, to express themselves symmetrically and abundantly—not dwarfishly and fragmentarily. They found or put themselves in certain conditions, as the painter and sculptor before some impressive human figures; the orator, into the assembly of the people; and the others in such scenes as each has found exciting to his intellect; and each presently feels the new desire."
—Emerson.

TAKING up a book in a lending library the other day, a friend read aloud the title to a lady accompanying her—"How to be happy though married." Lady: "Oh, bother the happiness!—does it tell how to be married?"



"How poor are they who have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees!"—*Shakespeare*.



"We cannot arrest sunsets, nor carve mountains; but we may turn every English home, if we choose, into a picture which shall be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed."
—*Ruskin*.

MY FAVOURITES (BY ONE OF THE PUBLIC).

When writing on such a very comprehensive subject as the above within the limits of a magazine article it is only possible to deal with the one subdivision that is directly suggested by a musical paper, and even then only one or two of the main features can be touched upon but lightly.

Musical favouritism is a somewhat delicate subject to handle, there being such widespread differences of opinion amongst the musical public with regard to this, that, or the other artiste or composition, and, wishing to avoid harrowing anybody's feelings or treading on their musical corns, I will endeavour to take a middle course.

"My favourites" may be broadly described as either individual or popular. Every one has a more or less marked tendency towards that particular type of music or musician which is most sympathetic with their own temperament, character or inner self—call it by what name you like—modified to some degree by the training received and the musical atmosphere in which one lives, and it is from this particular type that one chooses his or her individual favourites; it is simply a repetition of the old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," and, as a rule, musical birds (of the non-feathered species) fully exemplify the truth of the old saying.

For all that, true lovers of the divine art need not—nay, should not—be bigoted in their creed and allow their intense devotion to some genius and his particular school to engender positive dislike to any other; extremists, like the poor, will always be with us, but whether they derive as much enjoyment from the worship of their peculiar hero as those holding broader views, who can admire and enjoy anything that is good and beautiful in the musical art, is a very moot point, which will never probably be settled in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

With our "popular" favourites, however, the case is somewhat different; public opinion is their judge, which, as a rule, is very exacting, and takes a great deal of convincing before judgment is delivered, but who is seldom at fault in the summing-up. There must be a ring of the true metal about each one, as the keen ear of public criticism would soon detect any flaw and proclaim it in unmistakable tones. For instance, take those grand old tunes, "St. Ann's" and "Nun Danket," few people, perhaps, would admit that either was their *favourite* hymn tune, but that they are popular favourites is unquestioned. Why is it? There is nothing particularly "pretty" about either melody, nor are the original harmonies specially characteristic. Their association with two magnificent old hymns is, no doubt, one reason, but the fact that they are ex-

tremely simple and easily "understood of the people" is, perhaps, the truest and most likely.

Take another instance. Sir Arthur Sullivan's song, "The Lost Chord," familiar for years in almost every corner of the musical world, and yet more often than not it is loudly re-demanded whenever played or sung.

Here again the words play a very important part; who can read them or hear them without being in some degree stirred by the spirit of true poetry that pervades them? And how exquisitely the music is wedded to them; the ring of the true metal is indeed present here, and another important factor in the case should also be remembered, *i.e.*, the music is not in the least degree unvocal and the accompaniment within the powers of a player possessing but very small ability.

One could multiply instances of this sort in all directions, but so many will occur to readers of this magazine that no good purpose would be served by enumerating more.

Through the courtesy of the Editor I was permitted a "private view" of the winning list in the competition which closed on 20th April, and which I understand will appear in this number. Without attempting to criticise it at all closely it seems a remarkably fair expression of public opinion.

None will grudge Mr. Manns his position at the head of poll No. 1. What he has accomplished during his 38 years of hard work in England alone, and at the Crystal Palace in particular, is too well-known to need any commendation here. Mr. Best, too, has been so long a favourite with the musical public that one can hardly realise that a time has come when his name is absent from its old accustomed place in the Handel Festival programme.

The late Madame Patey's lamented death left few who might be expected to rival Madame Sterling in the affections of the public. The charm of her ballad singing is as great as ever it was, and the sweet, sympathetic voice, natural and unaffected expression, evidently still delights as of yore.

I must confess to a little surprise at first when seeing "Stephen Adams" at head of List No. 4, but on second thoughts the reason became more apparent.

Few writers have done more to stimulate a love of good, sound, singable songs, healthy in tone, free from any suspicion of vulgarity, and often amusing to boot. Collaboration with such sterling writers as Mr. Matthison and Mr. Weatherly (*inter alia*), is in itself an incentive to produce music of the best type.

"Faust" still lives, although its gifted composer has been called away, but the memory of both will

ever be delightful to all who fully appreciate their worth.

That "The Golden Legend" occupied first place amongst cantatas is not, perhaps, surprising. Its immense popularity as a work is unquestioned; the beautiful poem is depicted in as equally beauti-

ful and descriptive musical language, and whatever preference some may wish to give to other works of a similar character it will always find a staunch supporter in at least

ONE OF THE PUBLIC.

— * * * * *

"LOHENGRIN"

(CHARACTER SKETCH).

In this day of increased and increasing interest in the artistic, I do not doubt that a cursory glance at "Lohengrin" will interest many.

Wagner has so cleverly "humanised" his characters and placed them before us surrounded with such wonderful polyphonic music that we are apt to forget that they were, after all, but legendary personages translated from the exciting and all-absorbing realm of mythological romance.

To the majority of us this matters little. It is a matter of no moment to me if Lohengrin ever actually lived or not. I take him and like people to be but *types* of certain characters who influence us either for better or worse; and as ninety-nine out of every hundred people are eminently unoriginal, and their characters are but moulded through the faculty of imitation, it surely matters little or nothing whether their model actually enjoyed life, or was but the outcome of accumulated genius of past ages, through whom it was lucky enough to have won a place and fame in literature. Lohengrin belongs to this latter class. Let us then look at him as Wagner has placed him before us in the opera of his name.

A small boat drawn by a swan is seen coming down the river Scheldt. The city of Antwerp appears in the distance, and crowds of people from it and the country round are flocking on the banks and raise a shout of surprise; to this greeting our hero steps from his little boat and stands before us. Clad in burnished silver armour, with a small golden horn by his side, the mystic swan-helmet on his head and a sword in his hand, he is the picture of perfect manhood.

He bids the swan accept his thanks for the service rendered him, and sadly bids it farewell as it slowly returns to whence it came.

Who is this knight? What wants he here? Whence came he?

These and many more such questions rise to our lips. All will be answered in time.

During the "Farewell to the Swan" we have time to note his generous and kindly mould of

mind, his cultured bearing, and the proud, self-reliant manner of a Knight of Monsalvat.

He turns towards the people who have gathered round King Henry of Germany to hear what this knight would say, alone—the champion of Truth and Right.

He tells them that he has come to champion her whom they have met to judge—Elsa, who was charged with murdering her brother Godfrey—and he challenges her accuser, Count Frederick, to combat. But as he is a stranger and totally unknown, he turns and asks Elsa if his services will be accepted, adding that, as Truth and Right are on his side, she has nought to fear; that he has a strong belief in the Almighty, and doubts not for an instant the ultimate issue of the duel. These little asides point out to the observant listener the true character of the man.

And now comes his great request—should Heaven aid him in avenging her cause and he is victorious, will she be his bride? and he adds—and in this lies the very kernel of the opera—that for the space of one year she must never ask his name or from whence he came. What woman is there that would not have answered such a request in the affirmative?

Elsa, who has dreamed that a deliverer would come and aid her, promises.

She imagines—as all women do—that she can keep a promise; but she finds out—as most women do—that she cannot. Never to ask his name or home seems in the glowing light of the moment to be trifles of no moment, hardly worth making a promise about, though he seems to attach great importance to it. Had he asked her to perform something harder, her gratitude and love would have led her to make the pledge; but when such a trivial promise as simply never to ask his name and home is only sought, the promise is readily made.

A man with such keen insight into human nature, and with such a vast knowledge of mankind, should have known better than to trust his

life's happiness into the hands of a woman, even though it was but for a year. Seeing that his whole future depends on this secret being kept, he shows considerable weakness in thus trusting a woman he had never seen before.

Had, too, his appearance as her deliverer been completely disinterested, his character would have increased in intensity and gained force and interest a hundred-fold. Howbeit, for the time all is right. Lohengrin believes in her and her promise, and in the excitement of the moment imagines himself the happiest man on earth.

The challenge is given. Lohengrin and Frederick fight. Lohengrin wins.

His noble character and generous uprightness again shows itself here. Unlike the gladiator of old thirsting for blood, he turns from his fallen foe and thanks Heaven for the victory; gives Providence the credit for his success; praises Truth and Right for again aiding him to win. He keeps himself so much in the background that we almost forget that he is the victorious knight. It almost appears as if he were telling of another's victory.

The progress of the opera now necessitates Lohengrin withdrawing for a little, leaving behind him the memory of one whose fame and valour is spotless, whose character is truly noble, whose deeds are in every respect worthy of a knight, a believer in Heaven's greatness for daily needs, a champion of the downtrodden and oppressed, a generous and loving heart, and the upholder of Truth and Right.

When we next see him it is after Elsa has been listening for some little time to Ortrud and Frederick, as cunning a husband and wife as has ever been. The words of envy and distrust have taken root in Elsa's mind, and the wicked thoughts soon stimulate her to deceit and wrong, to promise-breaking and to violate pledges.

Lohengrin now appears proud and haughty. He disdains to answer Frederick, and shows his contempt for underhanded meanness and double-faced plotting. Although completely above actions that cannot bear the most searching light of day, he is well aware that evil thoughts soon lead to evil actions, and that on such a susceptible mind as Elsa's the most awful results would soon follow were Ortrud's and Frederick's words not eradicated at once.

Had he "thought within himself," when he first saw her, of the possibility of such a thing, he would have been wroth with himself; but his eyes are slowly being opened to what might be, and thus he is greatly alarmed at Elsa's weakness.

And yet, knowing all this, knowing how completely Elsa can make or spoil his whole life, he leaves her in the crowd, and so permits Frederick to follow up his wicked hints, and lay the foundation of all the future misery.

I cannot but think that Lohengrin's character is somewhat weakened by this action.

However, let us hasten on. We next see the noble pair—Lohengrin and Elsa—in the bridal chamber. The wedding chorus has just ended. It is a very beautiful scene. Lohengrin has fought for her, regained her good name, kept her from evil influences, and, above all, loves her deeply. He now asks her to let him hear from her own sweet lips that she loves him. This is the boon he most desires, this the prize he has longed to get.

Just as he is within measurable distance of gaining his highest ambition, Elsa dissipates all his hopes. She hints that she wishes to know his name—insinuatingly says that her name sounds so beautiful when spoken by him, may his not be known to her?

This judicious mixture of flattery and curiosity saddens Lohengrin, and he tries to draw her mind away from the subject.

He reminds her of the promise, but she answers by promising that no one shall know it except herself!

It is so unlikely that any one who would break one promise could keep another that Lohengrin but smiles sadly.

Shortly after, the doors are burst open, and Frederick and some friends rush in with drawn swords. Springing to his feet, Lohengrin rushes at them saying,

"O Elsa! what hast thou done?"

and strikes Frederick dead.

His righteous anger is aroused. This betrayal is the result of his faith in woman—this attempted assassination his reward!

The time for honourable secrecy is past. His name and home must be proclaimed to all.

Viewing the dead body of his fallen foe, remorse and sorrow fill his heart.

He thinks of his peaceful country, that lies so peacefully within the sound of the deep-toned bells of Monsalvat; of his creed—of his hopes—of his mission, and of its awful end! Truth and right! Wrong and evil have held sway. Champion of the oppressed! A fellow-creature killed in self-defence—this is the dark picture that presents itself to Lohengrin.

One ray of light still rests upon this dark result, and that is, that it is only through failure that we learn ourselves, only upon ruined hopes we reach greater deeds.

We next see him before the king and people, ready to tell them all who he is and where he came from. He tells the interested and awe-struck people that Monsalvat—a palace of great beauty, high up in the mountains of Gothic Spain—is his home; that the crystal cup used by the Lord at the Last Supper is the treasure guarded by the Brother-

hood; that Parsival is their leader, and that Lohengrin is his name.

Turning to Elsa, he gives her his ring, his sword, and his horn, and then, bidding them all farewell, turns to go.

His boat has just come up the river drawn by the swan. Lohengrin goes towards it, and, touching the silken reins, lets the bird free. In a moment it has changed from a swan into Godfrey, Elsa's long-lost and supposed-murdered brother, whom he

returns to his delighted but terrified sister.

A dove is seen hovering above. Lohengrin places the cord round its neck, and entering the boat he is soon out of sight.

The dove—a type of guilelessness, seen first at the Flood, then on Christ when baptized by St. John—is here seen, the sacred badge of the knights of Monsalvat, gently leading the Champion of Truth and Right back to his heavenly home.

S. FRASER HARRIS.



THE ART OF THE ACCOMPANIST.

You will observe, dear reader, that I have spelt the word "accompanist," and not "accompanyist," in deference to a modern fashion, which, however, I can't say I really like. In my humble judgment the *y* certainly ought to be present; but I am only mentioning this by way of disarming any pedantic objection to my orthography, and giving cause for a possible adversary to rejoice.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," they say; and I suppose it is true in so far as the disposition or temperament is concerned. It is equally true that good accompanists are not to be manufactured wholesale, and that natural ability is the only requisite. Yet, to say this to an eager student is very much like uttering the sage remark that to be a good sailor it is necessary to be fond of the sea; or like telling a would-be Irving that in order to succeed on the stage it is necessary to have some taste for it! And, after all, natural ability in any direction is practically useless unless it is disciplined and under control. The poet must have a good vocabulary, and be acquainted with the laws of syntax; and, equally, at least, a musician's heart will produce nothing until his brain can not only conceive ideas but express them, which is a very different thing. In a word, then, temperament and technique must go hand-in-hand.

We shall dismiss the consideration of the former in a few words, for no one can ever be a good accompanist who has not a soul for music, *per se*, a liking for it, a sympathy with it, and a delight in it for its own sake, quite apart from any motives of ambition, vanity, or love of display.

But on the technical or practical side we can say much, and give many useful hints.

I have always found that persons who can sing, or at some time of their lives have sung, are usually good accompanists; and if I had my way, and could have all children taught to use their voices in simple and appropriate music from their nurseries, I believe we should have far more real musicians amongst us than we have. Music is too much regarded as a mere accomplishment, intended

to dazzle or astonish, that, like a coat of varnish, it is only put on as a "finishing touch" when, probably, it is too late. The education of a good accompanist will be found almost invariably to have begun with its earliest musical experiences; and this is as it should be. Even before a child can perform on an instrument it can be taught to sing agreeably with others, and by judicious treatment the ear and musical perceptions generally may be so sensitized that when an instrument is taken in hand the progress is abnormally rapid, because the ear is so far trained that the whole attention may be directed to technical difficulties alone. Then, when the instrument is taken up, the aim should be, from the first, to avoid learning solos only. The pianoforte student should practise duets, the organ pupil get up chants and hymns. Sight-reading should be assiduously taken in hand, and no day ever missed in which a piece of new music is not read entirely through to the end. Then accompanying singers should be tried; but, as solo vocalists take such a number of liberties with their text, it is here that most practice and experience will be required, assuming that ability to read the notes required has been attained.

An apt musical organization will have discovered the fact that, when several performers are engaged in a concerted piece, the time is generally quite strict; but that if there be only one principal performer the music is much more *ad libitum* in regard to time, and generally free and unfettered in style. How is he to know when a singer is going to introduce a *rallentando* or an *accelerando*, or at what point the old time is to be resumed? Then, again, sometimes a singer will give a note five times its written value, or cut a note much shorter than is expected. How is he to be prepared for this?

Well, *experientia docet*, he will find out by degrees that all singers' methods are on broad lines the same, if they are in any way guided by good taste; but he must not expect to keep in touch with the vocalist if he ignores everything but his own line of music. A good accompanist will follow the line of

the melody as well as the words of a song, and the latter often are excellent guides to expression. Emphatic words, climaxes, &c., are very likely places for an alteration in time, and so are ascending and descending passages, especially at the cadences or closes of the various phrases. Singers, too, have a way of dwelling unexpectedly on very high or low notes, when the situation permits (and even, sometimes, when it doesn't!), in a most unexpected manner. The budding Bird, or Bisaccia, should beware of these pitfalls, or great will be the singer's wrath!

A good rule is—never anticipate a singer. It is better to be a shade behind, or after, a singer in striking a chord or note in a declamatory passage than in front; but in lyrical and melodic passages, of course, they should be together.

It is better to be too soft than too loud; better too slow than too fast. *Never* get in front. Ascending passages will often be taken *accelerando* and *crescendo*, descending passages *rallentando* and *dim-*

inuendo; but sometimes the opposite effect is desired.

It therefore follows that a good timeist, facile executant, or quick sight-reader will not necessarily be good accompanists, unless they are possessed of tact, sensibility, foresight, and are able to *anticipate* and realize what may be the effect of a passage before it is heard.

There is an opening for good accompanists. As it is, anyone who can play a few solos, or read off any moderately difficult piece at sight is only too often under the delusion that he, or she, fulfils all the conditions required.

A really good accompanist will know the accompaniments to many pieces, both vocal and instrumental, almost by heart. He has, in fact, a *repertoire*. Very few persons could undertake successfully at first sight the accompaniments to many popular favourites; and an ambitious student desirous of excelling in this department should not only be ready to play anything accurately that may be set before him, but to transpose it also.

— * * * * *

TELEGRAPHIC messages (some 800 a day) are now sent from New York to London, and the replies received in four minutes. Most of them are sent between 10 o'clock a.m. and 2 p.m.

"JEANIE," said an old Cameronian to his daughter, "it's a very solemn thing to get married."—"I ken that, father," said she, "but it's a great deal solemn to be single!"

— * * * * *

PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 4.

We purpose making a change in the character of the competition this month. Hitherto the competitor's chance of success depended partly on circumstances beyond his own control; but in that now announced *the first correct answer opened* will be adjudicated the winner of a cheque for one guinea.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to:—

1. The coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than June 20th*, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The competition is free to all who send in their replies on the attached coupon.

3. In the envelope must also be enclosed another *sealed* envelope containing on the *outside* the motto chosen by the competitor (and which also appears on the coupon), and, *inside*, the name and address of the competitor, but *not* the coupon.

4. The following is an outline of the time-values of a well-known melody (the notes shewn below merely indicate the *length* of the notes forming the tune). Competitors are required to send in the *actual* melody fully written out with the correct notes.

COUPON.



Motto

OUR next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Mr. Frederick Dawson, "Dr. Lingard's Violin" (continued), Result of May Competition, some charming Pianoforte Music (by special arrangement), Particulars of New Competition, and Articles on "Elocution for Singers," "Teaching by Correspondence," "A Model Pianoforte Lesson" (Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique").



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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THE registration of teachers of music is a subject which has created considerable interest, and given birth to the expression of much variety of opinion during the last month. Without expressing any definite views as to the desirability or otherwise of the legislature's attempting to draw a line between good teaching and bad we may make three remarks: firstly, that no laws can prevent an incompetent person from teaching music or anything else; for, if even the recovery of fees by legal process by unregistered persons is not sanctioned, there is nothing to prevent the fraudulent teacher from demanding and obtaining these in advance, as is now generally done, even by those qualified. Secondly, that protection as teachers will only be conceded to musicians as a class if it appears to Parliament likely to be of benefit to the nation as a whole; and, thirdly, that in the long run it is always the fittest condition which will survive. We shall be glad to hear our readers' sentiments, with a view of returning to this subject next month.

— * * * * *

THE organ is an instrument of great antiquity. The period of its invention is not clearly ascertained, but it appears to be established that an organ formed a present to King Pepin of France from the Greek Emperor Constantine in 757. During the tenth century the use of the organ became general in Germany, Italy, and England.

* * *

"THE whole expense," says Professor Sewell, "of ordinary College tuition at Oxford is about sixteen guineas a year." But this plausible statement may deceive a reader unacquainted with the fact that the principal teaching relied on is private tuition, and the expenses of private tuition are reckoned at from £50 to £70 a year.

DR. JOHNSON thought the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits for his amusement; and that, in general, no one could be virtuous or happy who was not completely employed.

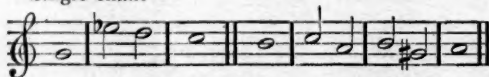
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"MANNERS are of more importance than laws: upon these, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law teaches us but here and there—now and then; manners are what vex or soothe—corrupt or purify—exalt or debase—barbarise or refine us—by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply laws, or they totally destroy them."—Burke.

FIRST STEPS IN MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Now we will criticise some of our students' essays to carry out our rules before given. Here are the melodies asked for with all their faults:—

Single chant—



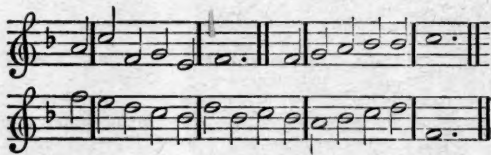
Well, this melody is smooth, certainly; but it is rarely good to begin a composition in one key and to end it in another, as is done here; nor is the modulation from C minor to A minor in such a short composition desirable or effective. As a rule, we should only modulate in a short composition to the related keys—the keys of the dominant, subdominant (and their relative minors) and the tonic and relative minors or majors. Let us amend this, so that it is all either in A minor or C minor. To do this we shall have to avoid such notes as are not contained in their respective scales; so if we elect to make it in A minor, we shall have to alter the first two notes and put in, say, A and E naturals instead. (It will be good practice for the student to decide what notes must be altered to make it in C major.) Now it will, as a melody, do very well.

Here is the next:—

Short-metre hymn-tune—

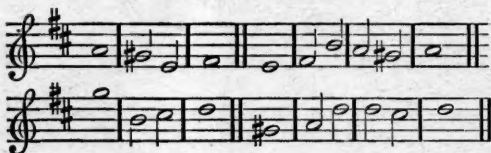


Though in this our first rule is not directly broken, yet the succession of notes is hardly pretty. In the opening phrase we have the leap of a seventh taken by two skips instead of one, which sounds nearly as bad; it is hardly ever good that the highest and lowest notes of any passage in the same direction should (in vocal music, which we are now considering) embrace the interval of a discord. It is far better, after the skip of a fifth or any wider interval, that the next note should be one lying within the two. The passage beginning on the high F is not very satisfactory; it is almost always of bad effect, after three or four notes upwards or downwards in alphabetical order, to leap in the same direction to an accented note. You should either not leap for the accent or the leap should be in a different direction to the passage. Viewed in this light, our melody will now appear thus (the student should compare the passages and be able to give reasons for the alterations):



This is much better, but it still has faults, arising principally from a breach of rule 2. We ought to have a cadence at each double bar, as these are the ends of the phrases. But with the exception of the end of the first phrase, none of the other closes would permit of a natural and easy form of harmony. But, if we alter the last note of the 2nd line (of the words) to A 2nd space and the last note but one of the last line to E on the first line, we can get satisfactory cadences at the proper places when we come to harmonise them.

Now for the double chant:—



Here, again, we seem to begin in one key and end in another, and, although we *could* harmonise the first note with a chord of D, yet the melody seems to be in the key of A. So we will cut out the sharp before the first G, and, keeping in the key of D for the first phrase, go into the key of A for the second (through the leading note G sharp). In the third we have a reciting-note, as it is called, on G, which is far too high for this purpose—sometimes in long verses it may have to be sustained for many words in succession, which few voices could do—so we will put in a B on the third line instead. In the last phrase we have to begin on a G sharp, after a D natural above it; this interval of an imperfect fifth is not an easy one to sing, so we will substitute for this G sharp another B natural. We now have three singable and correctly-formed melodies; let us now consider how we may harmonise them.

Here is a first attempt:—

Single chant—

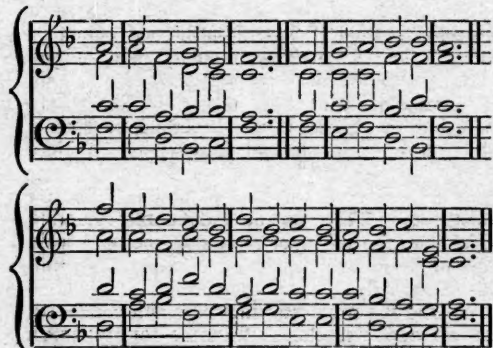


This, however, besides minor blemishes, has one grave fault. The melody suggests one key and the harmony another. It is always necessary that the melody and harmony should be in the same key; and if occasionally it is a little difficult to say what key the melody may be in, on account of the absence of those notes of the scale which would enable one to decide, the harmony must define the point clearly and without any ambiguity. It is also necessary that, as a rule, only one key should be employed for each phrase and that when we modulate into a new key, we should do so as near as possible to the beginning or end of the phrase. Bearing this in mind, also that the most important chords in a key are the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant chords and their inversions, and that a melody note may be either part of the chord and formed on its octave, tenth, twelfth (perfect) or fourteenth (minor) below, their inversions and equivalents, we now can reharmonise our single chant. We must, however, take care to avoid such a bad "false relation" as we have in the last bar but one, where the G sharp in the treble is preceded by the G natural in the bass!



This will do very well.

Now we will have a look at the short metre hymn tune:



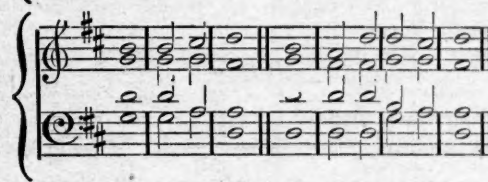
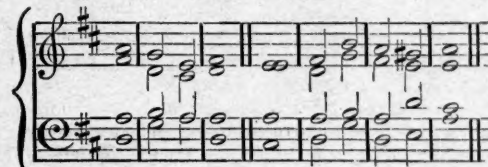
This is very fair; but we have some bad consecutive 5ths between tenor and bass in the 2nd and 3rd chords which must be altered, and there is another blemish of another kind. It is very undesirable to repeat the harmony of a weak accent on the succeeding strong accent, as is done between the 1st and 2nd, 17th and 18th chords, and

in a less objectionable way between the 6th and 7th chords; we have also a progression which, founded upon consecutive degrees of the scale otherwise than sub-dominant and dominant, is not smooth in effect (between the 15th and 16th chords).

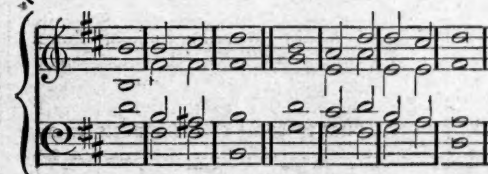
All will do well if we alter it as follows:—



Lastly comes the double chant:—



In this we have not only monotony in the choice of chords, but we have not harmonised the phrases in the keys they seem to suggest. For instance, the second phrase should have been harmonised in A major; but the chord on G natural keeps us in D. The harmonies are also too much in root position and not varied enough, and there are some consecutive octaves in the second phrase. With the alterations suggested by these criticisms we shall have a capital chant. Here it is:—



(To be continued.)

"DR. LINGARD'S VIOLIN."

By JOHN BULMER, Mus. B. (of Trinity College, Dublin).

CHAPTER I.—(Introductory).

I have been of late the possessor of a valuable old Italian violin; and it has occurred to me that the manner in which I came into possession of this instrument was so singular and intricate, and, I may even say, so romantic, as to be worthy of a brief narration. I therefore venture to dedicate the following pages to any readers who may take the trouble to peruse them.

It will be a sufficient introduction of myself if I state that my name is Charles Lingard, and that I hold the University degree of Doctor in Music; and that, while not depending upon music professionally, I have always been an enthusiastic amateur and ready to place my musical qualifications at the service of any friends who might require them.

CHAPTER II.

I proceed now to record that, about two years ago, I was invited by a clergyman with whom I had some little acquaintance, viz., the Rev. Theophilus Churchill, rector of Alton Towers, near Manchester, to preside over the inauguration of a new organ in his parish church, and, with a view to the necessary arrangements—rehearsals of anthems and other music, &c.—to be his guest at the Rectory for a few days beforehand. To this I had much pleasure in acceding, and I arrived at my friend's house on the Wednesday afternoon next before the appointed Sunday festival. We dined soon after my arrival, and I passed the evening pleasantly with the Rector and the members of his family circle. I may here give some brief description of my entertainers, to whom (excepting the Rector himself) the present was my first introduction.

My clerical host was a portly man of rather more than middle age, a precise and somewhat pompous Churchman of what is called the "high and dry" school, and, if not a very learned divine, yet a respectable specimen of the orthodox State parson. He talked largely on the prevailing topic of Church defence, and waxed warm in his denunciations of the Liberationists and other wicked enemies of the "Established religion." It taxed my ingenuity to make proper replies to some of his appeals to me, for my own views were not quite so orthodox and tended towards Radicalism. Still, we got on fairly well together. I happened to be a good listener, and I speedily found that that was really all my host required of me.

But now for the mistress of the establishment. Mrs. Churchill was an imposing personage, a lady

of stately and aristocratic bearing, and of considerable presence. Her conversation argued her clever and capable and a thorough woman of the world. Still, notwithstanding these advantages, I did not altogether relish her. She was one of those overwhelming women whom one would rather see at the head of a ducal palace than in a country parsonage. Her eldest daughter, Miss Lucretia Churchill, was cast very much in the same mould, and bade fair, in process of time, to be her exact reproduction. On being introduced to Miss Churchill I fancied I recognized her face, and had an impression of having seen her before, but when and where I could not recall; so that it might, perhaps, be only a fancy.

The next was Miss Lucy, a lively, voluble girl of eighteen or nineteen, in whom there seemed nothing to note, except average good looks and a rather mincing and affected style.

There was yet one other member of the Rector's drawing-room circle, viz., a Miss Roberts, whom I presently understood to be resident there in the capacity of governess to one or two younger children. Something in this young lady's general aspect and demeanour struck me from the first as contrasting her with the other ladies of the household. Whether it was merely the reserve incident to her position, or a simplicity of manner—that entire *naturalness* which I was old-fashioned enough to consider less a mark of rusticity than of good breeding—or the modesty and good sense which her occasional contributions to our conversation indicated, or whether it was a certain pensiveness which gave to intellectual features an additional peculiar interest; which of these it was that went furthest towards making the distinction I could not exactly say. There was an indefinable something which had the effect of attracting me, and which prevented me from repressing curiosity concerning this young lady.

We had the usual drawing-room chit-chat, a rubber of whist, together with some few pianoforte pieces—popular modern music of rather superficial quality, but not by any means badly executed by the Misses Churchill. And so the evening wore away.

On retiring to my room for the night I found a cheerful fire blazing and a cozy armchair in front of it. Into the latter I naturally "relapsed," and quite as naturally, perhaps, into a review of my evening's entertainment below-stairs. I spare you the multitude of my cogitations. It will be sufficient to select one or two from the number.

"Where in the world," I said to myself, "have I

met that elder Miss Churchill before? Her face was familiar to me at the first glance, though I did not perceive any tokens of mutual recognition. I have come across her somewhere, but I cannot for the life of me recall the occasion. I wonder where it could be! What a shame it seems that they should take so little notice of that poor governess! With the exception of myself scarcely anybody ever spoke to her. But that is the way! She has plenty of intelligence and good feeling, as well as nice manners, and I shouldn't be surprised if that girl were worth the whole lot of them. Somehow I seem to feel a vague interest in her, and a kind of drawing towards her, without in the least knowing what it can be based upon. It is very funny! I have heard of these occult sympathies, with intuitions and presentiments, and other strange magnetic influences, and, though I do not pretend to believe in them, still I should like to know what it is that causes me to feel in this wonderful way about that Miss Roberts. There must be something in it. Perhaps circumstances may develop it."

All this was, of course, very undesirable meditation for a bachelor well over forty years of age, and I began myself to view it in that light; for, when I had presently got into bed and put out the candle, I said to myself, "It cannot, surely, be that I, a comparatively old man, am about to fall in love? There cannot be any danger of me, at my time of life, becoming, as it were, smitten with this young lady?" While debating this point I fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

No, there was not any danger or possibility. When I rose the next morning, I had slept off the disquieting impressions of the previous evening; and nothing seemed to remain in my mind save a strong interest in the musical business that had brought me to Alton Towers, and an impatience to inspect the new organ, and arrange for the necessary rehearsal with the members of the parochial choir.

After paying a visit to the church in company with the rector and his daughter, I had returned again to the rectory, and I was sitting with my host in the library, when my eye chanced to catch the end of a violin-case protruding from beneath a side-table.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "you have a violin there! Do you play?"

"No," replied Mr. Churchill, "it belongs to Miss Roberts, our governess. She tunes up occasionally, when she can get an accompanist."

"Indeed!" said I, "it is quite becoming the fashion for young ladies. I should much like to hear her."

"I have no doubt," answered Mr. Churchill,

"she will be happy to favour you. You can have a practice together after luncheon if you choose."

And so, presently, it was arranged at the luncheon-table.

Miss Roberts then, it appeared, was a fiddler, like myself. And this was the foundation of all my mysterious interest in that young lady, and the hidden bond of union between us. I knew something must come to light. And yet even this did not appear an adequate explanation of everything. I had not been similarly affected by the other violinists of my acquaintance, and I fancied there might be something still behind to account for the almost preternatural experiences I had had overnight. I must not, however, anticipate.

We held, then, our musical practice; and a pretty good one it was, occupying nearly half the afternoon. The young lady fiddled uncommonly well for one who had only of late taken up the instrument; and I managed to do my part at the pianoforte. I was glad to find that Miss Roberts had not only a good knowledge of music, but, what is rarer, a good taste in music, and a true appreciation of the best classical models. So that I looked forward to a repetition of what had been a real pleasure to me.

But it was not only musical qualities that this Thursday afternoon's practice afforded me the opportunity of discovering in the rector's governess. I readily discerned her to be a person of great natural amiability, and possessed of a good character; and, moreover, exceedingly well-educated. This was all in confirmation of my earlier impressions; and the idea again recurred to me that Miss Roberts did not seem to obtain from the good people at the rectory that appreciation which she deserved. What I now ascertained was, of course, very far from diminishing that all but unaccountable interest I had early felt in my present musical acquaintance, and which I was destined, it may be, to feel yet more strongly. The progress of the next few days will shew.

But I have never spoken of the violin itself; so pre-occupied has my attention been with the fair performer on it. My readers, recollecting the introductory paragraph, will have been expecting me to do this. Well then, it was, I may say, an average every-day fiddle, worth about ten or twelve shillings probably, and with as good tone as can fairly be had for that money. This was my honest appraisal of it, and I can say no more. I am sorry to be so unsatisfactory, especially at the end of a chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Our drawing-room party was somewhat smaller in the evening. The rector had gone out to some parochial meeting with the squire of the place, a

Colonel somebody, who had dined with us, while the governess did not appear at all, being engaged, as I understood, with her charge at certain lessons, so that I was left to the kind attention of my hostess and her elder daughters.

"How did you find the organ, Dr. Lingard?" asked Mrs. Churchill. "Is the tone of it satisfactory?"

"I think so," I replied. "I hope to get it to speak nicely by Sunday. One requires a little time to bring oneself into sympathy with a strange instrument, especially a new one."

"It must be very difficult to play upon the organ," observed Miss Churchill, "with so many key-boards and stops; but I saw that you had many of the principal fingerings given in that old book you were playing out of."

"It would certainly be very difficult indeed," said I, "if one were really to play those 'fingerings' which you saw, but nobody does, you know."

"No!" was the slightly perplexed rejoinder.



DR. LINGARD'S OLD BOOK WITH THE "FINGERINGS."

I was about to add a word in explanation, when another speaker came to the rescue.

"I suppose," said Miss Lucy, "a good deal will depend upon the blower—I mean the blowing apparatus—now they have got these hydraulic machines so perfect?"

"A good deal, no doubt," I said.

"And then," continued she, "if the water-action is in order, and perfect, the music will be likely to be all right?"

"Well, no," I answered, not necessarily; that's just where the danger might be, I mean of its not being all right."

"I do think," said Mrs. Churchill, "a conversation on music is so instructive, and I am so glad when my girls take interest in and try to get to the bottom of things. Why, in my dear

mother's days," she added, waxing enthusiastic, "the young ladies were quite learned musicians. They used to study Double Bass, which, of course, Doctor, you will understand perfectly."

"I should not quite like to say *perfectly*," I answered, "but still I have gone into it a good deal."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Churchill, with a sagacious nod. "By-the-way, you have been having a little musical practice with Miss Roberts. How did you get on? Can she play tolerably?"

"Oh, yes, I think so; and she promises to be a very good player in time. I found her most intelligent in music, and I thought, generally very well informed."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Churchill, "she has had a very good education—indeed, a superior one, for a girl of that class; she only comes of tradespeople, you know. Her father was a well-to-do ironmonger, until some year or two ago he became unfortunate in business, and shortly afterwards died. I believe she was put to more than one first grade school, and was intended, no doubt, to be finished abroad. Our rich shopkeepers seem to send their daughters anywhere now-a-days. One wonders what the world is coming to! Yes; she was going into Germany, but that, of course, was over-ruled; and

now that she has to accept a situation, her education comes in very useful. Her mother is living, but, by all accounts, is a sad invalid, having had some kind of a stroke, and I fear not too well off; so that poor Roberts has her troubles to think of."

"No wonder she is so melancholy," said Miss Lucretia.

"And so dreadfully doleful," added Lucy, in a drawling, die-away tone.

"Well, my dears, she cannot help that, you know," said Mrs. Churchill. "Poor Roberts! I think she is vastly to be pitied. We must try to rouse her and draw her out a little. We shall be having our parties soon, and we can take her out now and then. Of course," she added, turning to myself, "it doesn't do to make too much fuss over people,



MRS. CHURCHILL PLAYING THE DOUBLE BASS.

especially of that class; they don't always bear encouragement."

I am afraid my instinct of politeness was not sufficiently strong to carry me well through my part here; and that I did not make so gracious an acquiescence in my hostess's sentiments as I ought to have done. For, indeed, I had listened with no small disgust and indignation to much of what she said. Altogether apart from my non-appreciation of those distinguished, high-born airs, which would affect infinite disdain for the trading members of the community—for I am unfortunately of a somewhat democratic and vulgar way of thinking—apart from

this, I considered that the sympathetic portions of Mrs. Churchill's "deliverance" were well-balanced by its general heartlessness; and her concluding remarks I believed to be a grievous injustice to the unfortunate object of them. For the latter, in her present circumstances, I could not help feeling acutely. The return, presently, of the Rector, with his friend, the Colonel, was the signal for cards, and I was nothing loth to take advantage of this relief from irritating thoughts. Thus, then, ended the second day of my sojourn at Alton Towers' Rectory.

(To be continued.)

— * * * * —
PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 2.

We are now able to announce the result of this, and the winning list is as follows:—

The most popular

Conductor	Mr. A. MANNS
Organist	Mr. W. T. BEST
Contralto ...	Mme. ANTOINETTE STERLING	
Song Composer ...	"STEPHEN ADAMS"	
Opera ...	GOUNOD'S "FAUST"	
Cantata ...	"THE GOLDEN LEGEND"	

Two competitors only having succeeded in naming these correctly on their coupons, we therefore award the prize to that first opened, which bore the motto "Crotchets and Quavers." The winner's name and address is

Mrs. M. A. KENT,

265 St. George's Road, Glasgow,

to whom a cheque for one guinea has been forwarded. Strangely enough, the very last "competition" letter received contained a coupon giving the exact list; but, as it was not even posted until the 21st, it is difficult to see how the sender could hope to abide by Rule 1! Several others destroyed their chances by not taking sufficient trouble to understand the questions asked. Nos. 5 and 6 were "the most popular opera and cantata" respectively. On several coupons the answers were, "Sir Arthur Sullivan" and "Dr. Stainer," or other well-known names. The reason for this is not very apparent, as the questions were particularly clearly stated.

An analysis of the answers shews, in the case of Nos. 1 and 2, nearly one half the votes recorded were given to Mr. Manns and Mr. Best; Sir J. Barnby and Dr. "Westminster" Bridge being *proxime accessit* in their respective lists. One enthusiastic competitor dubbed the popular conductor "Sir A. Manns," but we much regret that, at present, we have no authority to adopt the prefix.

Madame Antoinette Sterling was supported by seventy-five per cent. of the entire vote, whilst amongst her competitors as *contralti* appear the names Albani and Nordica! Truly we live and learn.

No. 4 was the rock on which many hopes were wrecked, there being so wide a field for choice and so many worthy rivals in it. Sullivan, Cowen, Stephen Adams, Molloy, and Tosti were all well together, until Stephen Adams came to the front, and just managed to wrest first honours from Mr. Cowen.

In No. 5 "Faust" was easily first, the second place being filled by "Cavalleria Rusticana," although our old friend, "Bohemian Girl," was only beaten by one vote.

Sir A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" claimed nearly one-third of the entire vote, "The May Queen" being a very strong second favourite, whilst amongst the candidates for the "wooden spoon" were "Walpurgis Night," "Stabat Mater," (presumably by Rossini), and "Spectre's Bride." It is, perhaps, a little surprising that Rossini's beautiful work (in company with "The Crucifixion") should have had but very few supporters; but the great general leaning towards the "Golden Legend" practically settled the chance of any other work.

Taken as a whole, we think the result is a fair reflex of popular opinion. "Doctors may differ" as to the individual merits of certain artistes, and it is quite possible that the opinions of some of our readers may not exactly coincide with those of the majority competing. What we asked for, however, was a statement of opinion as to *popularity*; and those competitors who recorded their *individual* opinion, instead of endeavouring to assess *public* opinion, not only misunderstood the nature of the competition, but also spoilt their chances of success.

HOW TO GET RID OF TROUBLE.—Professor Blaikie commences a paper under this title by saying he once had occasion to call on the chief of the constabulary in one of our largest cities. The conversation having turned on the arrangements for extinguishing fire, the chief constable entered with great alacrity into the subject, and, after some verbal explanations, added—"If you can spare half-an-hour, I will call out my men, and you shall see how we proceed." I was taken aback at the idea of the firemen and engines being called out, on a fine summer day, to let a stranger see them at work; so I thanked him for his offer, but added that I could not think of giving him so much trouble. "Trouble!" said he, "What's that? That's a word I don't know!"—"You are a happy man," was the reply, "if you don't know the meaning of trouble!"—"No, indeed," he said, "I assure you I do not—the word is not in my dictionary."—As I was still incredulous, and wondering whether or not he had lost his senses, he rang the bell, and bade his clerk fetch him an English dictionary. Handing it to me, he said—"Now, sir, please look and see whether you can find the word 'trouble.'"—I turned to the proper place, and there, to be sure, where the word had been, I found it carefully erased by three lines of red ink. Of course, I caught the idea at once. In a great

work like that of the police, in such a place, trouble was never to be thought of. No inroad that might be required on the ease, or the sleep, or the strength of any member on the force was ever to be grudged on the score that it was too much trouble. In the work of that office the thought of trouble was to be unknown. I felt I had got a sermon from the chief of police—and a notable sermon, too. The three lines of red ink were as clear and telling as any three heads into which I had ever divided my discourse. It was a thrilling sermon, too—it set something vibrating within me.

* * *

A LADY, not being prepared for some unexpected visitors, sent to the confectioner's for some tarts, to help out the dinner. All would have gone off well, but that the lady, wanting to keep up appearances, said to the servant—"Ah! what are these tarts?"—"Fourpence a-piece, ma'am!"

* * *

THE title of the "Rambler" was so little understood at the time of its appearance that a French journalist translated it "Le Chevalier Errant;" and when it was corrected to "L'Errant," a foreigner one day innocently addressed Dr. Johnson as "Mr. Vagabond."

— * * * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANK G. EMERSON.—The old-fashioned eight-keyed flute is now almost entirely superseded, and you would hardly get a purchaser.

EUSEBIUS.—Your composition is, we should say, the work of one whose ideas are mostly associated with Church music. It is too "organy" in character, in that the accompaniment duplicates the voice in excess and is of slight interest. There are some songs, of course, which have a sustained style of accompaniment, such as "The Lost Chord," which are splendid; but even these do not harmonize every separate note of the melody with a different chord (which is harassing to the singer and clumsy in effect) as yours does.

HAMLET.—We should recommend you to become a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, 12 Lisle Street, Leicester Square.

LIZZIE H.—Counting time is only a means to an end, and not the end itself, which is the preserving of the relative length of successive notes. To play in time you must cultivate a feeling for rhythm and accent—listen, for instance, to any music you hear performed and decide whether it is in duple or triple time, and march or beat time with it till you can count evenly and regularly. The mere saying *one, two, three*, will not help you in the least. Your teacher is dear, even at 10/6 per quarter, if she does not know the difference between *counting* time and *keeping* time. It is quite possible to do either of these without likewise doing the other.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE-MAN.—The habit you speak of is a very bad one and is based on a false sentiment. No good

secular speaker would dream of putting an accent on pronouns habitually.

SYMPHONY.—The first movement of a symphony is often a mere introduction leading into the movement cast in the form known as "Binary." This fact will account for your not being able to find a "second subject" in the first movement of Beethoven's No. 2.

SAX.—The third valve of the cornet, or saxhorn, as you say truly, has the effect of the first two; but it does not follow from this that it is unnecessary. Your studies cannot have advanced very far, or you would know that the use of the first and third valves together renders it possible to get a note lying between the harmonies of the open tube, some distance apart, which would otherwise be unobtainable. Besides this, the fact you call attention to also permits the use of alternative fingerings in difficult passages.

LUTE.—If you did not in any way assign your *copyright* to the absconding publisher it is, of course, still your property, and you can do what you like with it. If it was published, and you have the plates, care would be necessary in re-issuing unless you are confident that none of your letters contained anything which could be construed into an offer to dispose of the copyright, as you might be pounced upon later on. The "royalty" system, always objectionable, is not one favourable to authors, unless contracted with the best houses.

J. C. K.—Each sequence should be fingered alike, thus—*x 3 4 2, x 3 4 2, &c.*; the thumb should be lifted only slightly, and smoothly passed on to its respective notes.



